

Where heavy with sweet dew, the violets lie,
 Gleaming through moss tufts deep,
 Like dark eyes filled with sleep,
 And bathed in hues of summer's midnight sky.

"Bring me their buds to shed
 Around my dying head
 A breath of May, and of the wood's repose,
 For I in sooth depart
 With a reluctant heart,
 That fain would linger where the bright sun glows.

"Fain would I stay with thee—
 Alas! this may not be;
 Yet bring me still the gift of happier hours,
 Go where the fountain's breast
 Catches in glassy rest,
 The dim green light that pours through laurel bowers.

"I know how softly bright,
 Steeped in that tender light,
 The water-lilies tremble there e'en now
 Go to the pure stream's edge,
 And from its whispering sedge,
 Bring me those flowers to cool my fever'd brow."

The stalks of the Sweet Violet spring from near the root, the leaves are heart-shaped, and the calyx leaves obtuse. The common Dog's-tooth Violet, (*Viola canina*), is somewhat similar in general appearance, but the calyx leaves are acuminate, and the flower stalks are channelled and spring from the stems, and it is also destitute of scent.

"Deceitful plant, from thee no odours rise
 To perfume the air, or scent the passing gale,

Although thy blossoms wear the modest guise
 Of her, the sweetest offspring of the shade,
 Yet not like her's, still shunning to be seen,
 And by their fragrant breath alone betray'd."

It hangs its cheerful blue or purple blossoms on our banks, woods, and dry places. In mountainous situations the blossoms are large and numerous, but in sandy, dry, and barren places the whole plant is very small. Like the Wild Rose it most likely received its specific name to mark its inferiority to the scented kind.

The Marsh Violet (*Viola palustris*) blooms in abundance in bogs and marshy ground in the north, and on the mountains of Scotland; the blossoms are a very pale blue with purple streaks. The Cream Violet (*V. lactea*) also blooms on mountains and boggy heaths, and the Yellow Mountain Violet (*V. lutea*) or yellow Pansy, is often found on the mountainous pastures of Wales and in the north of England—the stem is much branched at the base, and the leaves an oblong egg-shaped, with crenated edges, the flowers are of a sulphur colour, larger than the common Pansy, and there is a variety with the petals all purple. Bryant has addressed the following lines to this species.

"When beechen buds begin to swell
 And woods the blue bird's warble know,
 The yellow violet's modest bell
 Peeps from the last year's leaves below,